

# Wiz Khalifa, Dreamer

Yep, it's all raw  
Motion right here, no paper, no none of that

I must be dreaming, yeah, I must be dreaming  
Yeah, 'cause I got the cars, got the clothes, got the money, and the hoes and the way I see that air  
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I wake up early in the morning to a fat blunt  
A phone full of missed calls, my shit backed up  
A flight to catch, my shit packed up  
Them superstars you hear about, that's us  
Them 12s in the trunk hit like a Mac truck  
I see your bitch, it's a wrap like a packed lunch  
My diamonds shining, they're motivating  
I see you smiling, I know you hating  
I'm on the road like here, there and everywhere  
In Hollywood, eating good, smoking heavy there  
Ain't comfortable unless I got a lot of money near  
I'm in exclusive shit, you got a lot of funny gear  
Flat screen TV, no glare in 'em  
And all my rooms got king size beds in 'em  
I'm not just talking, that's all it seem and my life's a movie

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I go to sleep in a new city every night  
And pray to God looking over me on every flight  
A new time zone, you hear me right?  
LA to MIA, I'll be there tonight  
Then I'm in Daygo, shopping for new shit  
Eating at Ruth's Chris, right across the cruise ships  
Hear niggas talking about it, I really do this  
You couldn't walk a mile in this niggas shoes here  
Car service when I land, homie I'm the man  
Don't live the life of a star, it's hard to understand  
Everywhere I go, they know my name  
They see me smiling, they know my chain  
Plus they know I got flow like a sink bruh  
Diamond linked up, all my niggas inked up  
A lot of starving, I'm out here eating and making history

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